The Indian Ladies' Magazine

Vol. III. SEPTEMBER 1929. No. 2

MAN AND THE SEA.

Man, in thy freedom, thou shalt love always the ocean
As the mirror in which is reflected thy soul;
For its infinite depths—its waves in commotion,
Of thy spirit the phases, lay bare like a scroll.

To plunge in its waters thy bosom rejoices,
As to clasp a dear mother rejoices a child;
And thy heart ceases to hear its own inner voices,
At the sound of that voice unconquered and wild.

O soul, in the shadow thou ever abidest;
Who has sounded thy depths, and who there may regard?
And thou sea, who knows of the riches thou hidest,
Or has seen the dread secrets of thy dark dungeon-ward?

The same temperaments! And yet through the ages
Fierce, pitiless, remorseless, between you is strife!
Carnage, death, havoc, seem the work and the wages!
Eternal gladiators!—Brothers grappling for life!

From Toru Dutt's,
"A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields."

* THE HEROINES OF MEWAR.

1. KARMA DEVI

Muhammad Shiabuddin Ghori resolved to stay in India, and Delhi became the seat of the new kingdom. One by one the Hindu Rajas were coerced into obedience and tribute; but Mewar alone would not give in to the victorious soldiers of Islam. The Rana Samara Simha fought by the side of Prithvi Rai in the famous war of independence and wrought terrible havoc in the ranks of the invaders. He died soon after, and his weak son, Karna, followed

* With acknowledgments to the Editor "Tyagabhumi" Pratap No.

him to the grave, leaving the affairs of the State in the hands of the queen Mother, Karma Devi.

Kutubuddin, the Slave Sultan, seized the opportunity and invaded Mewar, hoping for an easy victory over a kingdom ruled by a woman. The news of the invasion produced great consternation in the ranks of the Rajput nobility. They sighed for the absent leadership of the late Rana Samara Simha. They deliberated among themselves thus:—"How can we withstand with our handful of soldiers the powerful Lord of all Hindustan ? Surely, we can never survive this disaster."

Karma Devi spoke to the assembled nobles in the language of a heroine. "If you are all true Rajputs, as you proudly claim to be ; then, how can it be that, while so many of you are alive, our country cannot outlive this danger?"

A noble replied to her : "Madam, we are quite ready to embrace death. And we will die sword in hand, but our country cannot be saved. How I wish Maharaja Samara Simha were alive !

The sagacious queen understood at once the implication, and innuendo. She retorted, "Know you not, Sirs, that the rightful Queen (Dharmapatni) of Sri Samara Simha is still alive. Though you cannot get the leadership of my departed lord, you have not yet lost mine. I shall myself lead you forth to battle. Then why despair ?"

The nobles stood dumb and petrified. The Queen continued : "Remember, Sirs, that I am a Rajput and the wedded Queen of Samara Simha, wherefore I hold in my hand the sceptre of state. For the same reason, I am also bound to buckle on the sword of state against the enemies of my kingdom. Long ago, the Goddess Durga, riding the lion, destroyed the evil ones who fought against Heaven. Even so, I shall crush our uncouth invaders, and protect our fair domain. Without the least thought, I beseech you to follow me to the field of battle. If I am unable to rescue Mewar, we can all at least save the honour of Mewar by dying in her cause. Better death a thousand times than a life of disgraceful servitude."

The effect was quite electric. Despair was replaced by self-confidence and enthusiasm. Eagerness for the joy of battle was found everywhere. Who would not feel the strength of ten men, when led by such a heroic Queen as Karma Devi ?

There could be no doubt as to the issue of the battle. The army of Delhi was routed and Kutub retreated to his capital, quite crestfallen.

2. THE QUEEN OF RANA HAMMIR.

During the days of Allauddin Khilgi, Chitor was wrested out of the hands of the descendants of Bappa Raval and handed over to a renegade Rajput, Maldev Chouhan. The usurper was always jealous

of the just claim of the Rana Hammir to the fortress of Chitor, and was anxious to besmirch the Rana's reputation ; so he conceived of a plan, whose unexpected result was the reconquest of Chitor by its legitimate owner. Rana Hammir was wheedled into a marriage alliance with the daughter of Maldev.

At the first meeting of Hammir with his new bride, the courageous lady divulged the disgraceful intention of her father. "Master, I am a widow. As a young girl, I was married to a Bhatia Rajput chief, who died soon after ; I have no memory of my first husband. My father married me to you, because he hates you and desires to bring into disgrace your spotless fame. If you feel truly that the honour of your noble lineage will remain unsullied, you may accept me, but not otherwise."

The Rana was stupefied. He trembled with anger and shame. But, what sin was there in his bride who was so unflinchingly honest? Her straightforwardness and beauty smote his heart. Her courage to face the full consequences of truth, rather than play a double game, evoked all his admiration. So he received her with all honour. Said he : "My race is twice blessed when it can get such a gem as you. You are as pure, as my lineage is spotless and honourable. Nay, I thank your father for his unintentional kindness."

The young Queen was in transports of joy and gratitude. She resolved to requite the extreme chivalry of her consort, and spoke to him thus:—"Chitor, your ancestral capital is in the hands of a servile Rajput, though he be my father. I cannot endure the shame of it. My heart detests it. You must rescue it from unholy hands. Though I am only a woman, I feel exalted as your Queen and companion. Permit me to uphold the dignity of my station. My father has a valued servant and minister in Jal, who is as wise as he is brave. He is the chief prop of my father's government. I can win him over to our side and then surely, you can negotiate the conquest of your beloved Chitor."

The Rana applauded the noble sentiments of his Queen. Sometime after, Jal was brought over to his side. The Rana was also blessed with a son.

A favourable moment thus offered itself. The newborn baby and his mother were on a short visit to Chitor. Maldev and his army had gone out just then, on a hunting expedition. Jal, the Minister, and the young Queen spoke to the citizens burning words, which brought home to them the indignity of alien domination. "You are descendants of heroes and how can you endure the shame? Wake up, brothers, as Rana Hammir is awaiting your help. You have become worshippers of ease and pleasure, when you should be straining every nerve to break the fetters that enchain you. Is there not the hot, red, blood of Rajputs, coursing in

The Muslims were helpless and unprepared for any attack. They were easily overpowered and cut to pieces. Nor could they rally again, since their leader and King lay dead. Thus, at last, Toda was regained by Ratna Singh, thanks to the heroism of his daughter and her beloved lover. The happy Raja celebrated his entry into his capital by the marriage of the matchless Tara Bai to Prithvi Singh of Mewar.

V. RAGHAVENDRA RAO.

ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTLAND'S PLOUGHMAN POET.

Those of us, who have been fortunate enough to come into contact with the writings of Robert Burns, can testify without hesitation to his undoubted genius. Each of his poems shines with the polish of lyrical perfection. When we read his sad poems, we are sad with him; when we look at his lighter works, our hearts bound with the joy and merriment that was once the poet's own delight. He was born to very poor parents in the year 1759, at Kyle, in the county of Ayre. As soon as was possible, Robert was put to work on a farm, until in early youth we find him wielding the plough with the dexterity of a man, and working hard from morn till night thrashing and preparing corn and seed for sale. But for his father Robert might never have been the great man he grew to be in after years; his father rigidly believed in education, and worked until he was able to send Robert to a small school at Alloway Miln, where the poet excelled himself in every subject—in reading, writing and arithmetic—and took rank above several who were his seniors. It was at Mossgiel that Robert first became known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. Excellent farmer though he was (for few could equal him), it will be seen that the man, who stops to write verses on the frisking of his sheep when he should be driving them to pasture, who pauses to write an ode about the horse he should be saddling, and who lingers to write a ballad on his prettiest reaper, can have but little chance of ever becoming a successful farmer. And this was the case with Robert Burns; whilst labour held his body, poetry held his soul, and was slowly but very surely obtaining a grip on his very life, changing him hourly and daily into that dreamer and idealist Nature intended him to be. Various subjects first awaken the poetic Muse in men, who afterwards become poets. With Robert, it was Love that first stirred him to the depths of his soul. He jotted down, in a little note-book, lines in praise of a fair-haired girl, a partner in the stubble field, from whose delicate white hands he used to extract the thistle stings. Very few of the earlier-poems of Robert Burns have been

preserved, but here is one of them, and one which showed promise even then :—

I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing,
Gaily in the summer beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream.

Straight the sky grew black and daring,
Thro' the woods the wild winds rave,
Trees, with aged arms, are warring,
O'er the swelling drumlie wave.

Thereafter, every girl Robert met who pleased his eye he would assail with verse, in an endeavour to win her over. But ladies are not very apt to be won by verse, be it ever so elegant; for to them the person, who so adorns them with the roses and lilies of his imagination, is only a dreamer, and they look around for more substantial comfort. Waller's lavish praise only served to draw forth smiles from Sacharissa; whilst another beautiful lady saw in Lord Byron only a pale-faced lad, and lame of foot at that, and married a man, who, though lacking in poetical merit, could leap a five-barred gate with ease. And yet, in spite of all this, Robert imagined himself loved, and continued to pour forth the fulness of his soul in beautiful poems. That Robert Burns was enslaved by Nature there is no doubt at all. In his twentieth year, he declared, "There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know that I should call it pleasure, but something that exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or a high plantation on a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling in the trees, and raving o'er the plain. It is my best season for devotion; my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm for Him, who, in the pompous language of a Hebrew bard, walks on the wings of the wind."

Poetry soon became the dominating feature of Burns' life. He wrote poems with the reaping hook in his hand, at the harrow, anywhere, if inspiration suddenly overcame him. "My passions", he said, "when once lighted up, rage like so many devils till they get vent in rhyme, and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothes all into quiet."

And now we come to one of the saddest incidents in the poet's life, his courtship of and marriage to Jean Armour. Too poor to contemplate marriage in the first instance, they courted for about four years, at the end of which Jean Armour bore him a child. This, to one so destitute as Robert was a very unfortunate event, but worse was to follow ; the father of Jean Armour, upon hearing of his favourite daughter's union with the poet, was torn with anguish, and as she pleaded on her knees before him for leniency he snatched the marriage lines from her and commanded that

she was to think herself no longer the wife of Robert Burns. Swayed by the strength of her father's authority, she obeyed, refusing to see or hearken to anything the poet might have to say to her. At first, Robert was driven into a blind rage by her action and then when this wore off a little he sought to forget all about her by indulgence in all sorts of dissipation, drunken bouts and the like. But this parting had cast a complete blight on his life, and he set forth his feelings in the following exquisitely mournful lines :—

No idly-feigned poetic pains
  My sad love-lorn lamentings claim ;
No shepherd's pipe ; Arcadian strains ;
  No fabled tortures, quaint and tame ;
The plighted faith, the mutual flame,
  The oft-attested powers above,
The promised father's tender name—
  These were the pledges of my love.

With all this sorrow in more or less constant attendance upon the luckless Burns, one wonders how it came that he wrote so many humorous and light verses. But in the majority of his poems we find that little streak of melancholy, of which the following is a fair sample :—

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
  The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale ;
The hawthorn tree blows in the dew of the morning,
  The wide scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale ;
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
  While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
No flowers gaily springing or birds sweetly singing,
  Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The poet was on many occasions very sarcastic and abrupt, and he objected strongly to boasting of any description. Once, whilst he was dining at the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, one of the guests chose to monopolise the conversation and talk of the dukes and earls with whom he had dined or spoken, but Robert Burns, eyeing him sternly across the table, silenced him with the following :—

What of earls with whom you have supt,
  And dukes that you dined with yestreen ;
Lord ! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
  Tho' it crawls on the curls of a queen."

So dainty and lyrical are most of Robert Burns' poems that a large number of them have been set to music, and are now more or less established songs in both England and Scotland ; these include among many the following ; Here's to those thats awa' ; Oh were Thou in the Cauld Blast ; Afton Water ; and last but not least, Auld Lang Syne, which is sung the world over.

Later in life, the poet's health broke down completely, the crowning event of a life of discomfort. He became reunited with his Jean, but did not live to enjoy the fruits of her companionship.

That the poet had many follies, I would not deny, but lurid accounts of his misdoings have darkened other narratives than, this. And, since they are probably all the outcome of base rumours it would be but niggardly to repeat them here. Suffice it to say, he was a man with a beautiful soul, and that he possessed the best of intentions. His great passion for the society of women was perhaps his one significant failing. Of women and their fascinations he loved to talk freely and widely. In their presence, he would be meek and dove-like, exercising his winning personality to its fullest advantage. But the failure of his many love affairs so distracted him, that he once bitterly exclaimed,

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain
And plunged me deep in woe.

Robert Burns was indeed a genius. Those, who desire to feel him in his greatest strength, must taste him in his Scottish spirit. Although in life Burns was unappreciated even by his own countrymen, today every nation of learning pays tribute to his skill; everywhere honours have been liberally paid to his name, and monuments have been erected to perpetuate his memory. Not until a man is removed from our midst, do we acknowledge and revere his genius—why, it is hard to say. At Burns' funeral, thousands lined the roadway to see the passing of a great man, the Government lifted his wife and family from their poverty, and a whole world has since been awed that so wonderful a man should take some of his nobler thoughts unspoken to the grave, through lack of support.

LELAND J. BERRY.

BIRD LIFE.

Ere the city is slumber-forsaken,
And alert for its bustle and strife;
In their leafy homes birds awaken
And the dawn comes with music and life.

When the faint early beams of morning
But disclose the wet fields of rice;
Its gray-white wings like the argent burning,
To the green grass the paddy bird flies.

With a series of high-pitched screamings,
And flashes of streaks of green,
Little parrakeets scatter your dreamings,
And go darting the fruit trees between.

They are there, our friends of black feather,
The tree pie, the dronga, the rook;
But they are far from flocking together,
Though like common blood-cousins they look.

On the grass the slim hoopoe is busy,
The wood-pecker digs the neem bole,
The jay swings on palm heights so dizzy,
The copper-smith tongs from a hole.

And a visitor shy is the pheasant,
Aloof it must feed and take wing,
And the koel's sweet melody is pleasant,
When the woods with its sweet hymnals ring.

The mango bird's plumage is glorious,
In the foliage 'tis fitfully viewed;
The taylors and weavers laborious,
Are hunting the insects for food.

In the tamarind, the bush-babblers wrangle,
The wren chirps on pomegranate spray;
By the brookside the king-fishers angle
And their swift, circling movements display.

Then the swallow, the wagtail, the eagle,
And all birds our eyes can discern,
Feathered citizens, both lowly and regal,
Names, the amateur gladly would learn.

Not the least is the sparrow, bold fellow,
In his brown costume sobre and plain;
Nor the myna, its eyes ringed with yellow,
Who can mimic the speeches of men.

They be chanting their lyrics immortal,
When they labour for sport or for love,
And their lays might reach heaven's own portal,
In glad praise of their Maker above.

They are free, the birds on their pinions,
Where they list is their toiling or joy;
They are free, in all Nature's dominions,
'Neath the range of the wide-spreading sky.

Not the rights of a race or a nation,
Nor bird politics e'er set the line;
To constrain territorial relation,
Or in woodland an alien define.

Neither evils of base inequality,
Of caste or of class or of creed,
Can destroy a God-approved liberty,
By condemning a rightful deed.

Oh that a bird's gay existence,
The Maker had vouchsafed to me!
What on wings to me any distance?
What codes should I heed when I'm free?

I would fly when the heavens are glowing
With softest hues of the dawn,
In the coolest of green bowers growing,
I would cradle till daylight was gone.

The honey from garden flowers
I would sip, my bird-hunger to fill,
Chase butterflies in balmy-breezed hours
And the squirrels that almond nuts steal.

I should taste of the mango and melon,
And banana, custard apple, and grape,
And all fruits ; for a bird's not a felon;
If no harvest it sows, it should reap.

To none, but my king of affection,
Would I give my true heart and my hand ;
Then my songs would be sweetest perfection,
To lull and bewitch all the land.

These are joys of the bard and the dreamer,
Not for me are the wings of a dove,
To waft me where the orient streamer,
To white clouds gives the rose-tints of love.

Oh the warblers have unpriced gladness !
And like a fount of delight,
Are their songs that have never known sadness,
And their colours both delicate and bright.

H. KAVERI BAI.

SOME SCENES FROM MARRIED LIFE IN FICTION.

Imagine not, oh men, your lives
Will be marred by taking silly wives,
If aught of humour, you possess,
You 'll still have cause yourselves to bless.

IN the marriage of a woman of mean understanding, little information and uncertain temper, to a man of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve and caprice, the imaginative genius of Jane Austen has showed us a kind of happiness which a real husband and wife might not be disinclined to have now and then. Mr. Bennet married a woman of youth and beauty, deceived by the appearance of good-humour which youth and beauty generally give. He subsequently found his wife a woman of weak understanding and illiberal mind. But he was too much of a philosopher to despise the amusement, which an ignorant and foolish wife is capable of affording to her husband occasionally. Mr. Bennet's luck as a husband lay in his wife being invariably silly. The possibility of her being sensible, amiable and well-informed was in his opinion calculated to make his domestic felicity unusual and distasteful. After a married life of twenty-three years, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet found themselves with five daughters to marry. It was no wonder that Mrs. Bennet made it the business of her life to try to get them all settled. A young man of four or five thousand a year came into the neighbourhood, and she thought it was a fine thing for her girls. Mr. Bennet ought to visit him ; for, if he visited him, the young man would return the visit and very likely fall in love with one of the girls. Mr. Bennet also thought likewise. But it would not be productive

of happiness to say "Yes darling", to his wife. At first, he appeared inclined to let her and the girls visit the young man, although he feared that, as his wife was as handsome as any of the girls, the young man might like her the best. When his wife insisted on his going, he replied, "It is more than I engaged for, I assure you." A hot conversation ensued, during which Mrs. Bennet cried out, "You take delight in vexing me; you have no compassion on my poor nerves." Her husband tenderly responded, "You mistake me, my dear. I have high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least." And yet, though to the last, he assured his wife that he should not go, Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. The fact of the visit was made known to his wife that very day in humorous circumstances, and Mr. Bennet was pleased to hear his wife say, "How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I am sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke too that you should have gone this morning and never said a word about it till now."

Mr. Bingley had taken the Netherfield Park. Soon after, a ball was held, at which Mrs. Bennet, and her five daughters were introduced to him. He danced twice with Jane, the eldest of the five daughters. Delirious with joy, Mrs. Bennet returned home and reported the matter to her husband only to be answered, "If he had any compassion for me, Bingley would not have danced half so much! For God's sake, say no more of his partners. Oh, that he had sprained his ankle in the first dance!"

Mr. Bennet had an estate which brought in two thousand a year. Unfortunately for his daughters, the estate was entailed on a distant relation in default of male heirs. This distant relation, Mr. Collins, an ill-educated and obsequious clergyman of the Church of England, visited Mr. Bennet, having heard that the Bennet girls were handsome and amiable. He wished to choose one of them for his wife. He set his heart on Jane, but, after a short conversation with Mrs. Bennet, moved it on to Elizabeth, who was next to Jane in beauty. But Elizabeth, who was more quick and intelligent than her sisters, rejected the overtures of the Reverend Mr. Collins with the utmost politeness. Mrs. Bennet, who had just felt in Collin's visit an opportunity to get rid of one of her daughters, was shocked at Elizabeth's behaviour. Her husband was in his library and hurrying to him she burst out "Oh Mr. Bennet, you are wanted immediately; we are all in an uproar. You must come and make Lizzy marry Mr. Collins, for she vows she will not have him; and if you do not make haste, he will change his mind and not have her." With calm unconcern, Mr. Bennet raised his eyes from his book and said, "I have not the pleasure of understanding you. Of what are you talking?" "Of Mr. Collins and Lizzy," replied his

wife irritated, "Lizzy declares she will not have Mr. Collins, and Mr. Collins begins to say that he will not have Lizzy". Elizabeth was summoned to the library and was asked if her mother's report of her behaviour was true. The truth being admitted, Mr. Bennet said "Your mother insists upon your accepting Mr. Collins". "Yes" said Mrs. Bennet, "or I will never see her again". "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth", observed Mr. Bennet without perturbation, "From this day, you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again, if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you do". Mrs. Bennet protested vehemently against her husband's decision and the reply she got was, "My dear, I have two small favours to request—first, that you will allow me the free use of my understanding on the present occasion; and secondly of my room. I shall be glad to have the library to myself as soon as may be".

Lydia, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Bennet, ran away with a young profligate officer in the Army, who had neither integrity nor honour and who was as false and deceitful as he was insinuating. The whole Bennet family was launched into distress in consequence. The delinquent pair were traced after much difficulty and it was thought prudent to get them married. Marriage even in such circumstances transported Mrs. Bennet into violent joy. "My dear, dear Lydia" she exclaimed, "this is delightful indeed! she will be married! she will be married at sixteen!" But, a fortnight before, she had been miserable; now she was oppressively high in spirits! There was absolutely no sentiment of shame to damp her triumph. After all, one of her daughters was going to be married, an event she had been longing to celebrate since her eldest daughter was sixteen. Her thoughts ran on fine muslins, new carriages and all such attendants on elegant nuptials. "The Park might do" "she said to her husband," if the Gouldings would quit it, or the great house at Stoke, if the drawing room were larger; but Ashworth is too far off. I could not bear to have her ten miles from me; and as for Purvis Lodge, the attics are dreadful". Her husband allowed her to run on without interruption, while the servants remained. When they had withdrawn, he said to her "Mrs. Bennet, before you take any or all of these houses for your son and daughter, let us come to a right understanding. Into *one* house in the neighbourhood, they shall never have admittance. I will not encourage the impudence of either by receiving them at Longbourn". A long dispute followed, in which to her great horror Mrs. Bennet learned that her husband would not advance a guinea to buy clothes for Lydia. The want of new clothes appeared to her a much greater disgrace to her daughter than elopement before marriage.

Fortune became specially fond of Mrs. Bennet after Lydia's marriage. Two bigger and better marriages were now in sight. Bingley, the man of four or five thousand a year, proposed to Jane.

On hearing of it, Mrs. Bennet could not contain herself. "Oh my dear dear Jane, I am so happy!" she said, "I am sure I shan't get a wink of sleep tonight. I knew how it would be. I always said it must be so at last. I was sure you could not be so beautiful for nothing. I remember, as soon as ever I saw him, when he first came into Hertfordshire last year, I thought how likely it was that you should come together. Oh! he is the handsomest young man that ever was seen". Yet more delicious was her joy when, soon after, a young man of ten thousand a year proposed to marry Elizabeth. "Good Gracious! Lord bless me! Only think! dear me! who would have thought it? And is it really true? Oh my sweetest Lizzy, how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it, nothing at all. I am so pleased, so happy. Dear, dear Lizzy! A house in town. Everything that is charming! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh Lord, oh Lord, what will become of me? I shall go distracted". Lydia had been everything, but became nothing before Jane, but now even Jane became nothing and Elizabeth everything. Even the stolid Mr. Bennet became moved. He cloaked his joy with a humorous command to Elizabeth, as she went out of his library after obtaining his consent, "If any young men come for Mary and Kitty, send them in, for I am quite at leisure".

The accomplishment of her earnest desire in the establishment of three of her daughters failed to make Mrs. Bennet a sensible woman for the rest of her life. Luckily for her husband, she continued to be occasionally nervous and invariably silly.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

"A CELEBRATED GROUND-NUT FESTIVAL—
(Kadlaka Jatra) of Bangalore, which reveals the origin of Basavangudi."

BANGALORE, the capital City of the Indian State of Mysore, is a beautiful place and is 3,000 feet above the sea-level. People from different parts of India make use of this place as a summer resort, like Mussoorie, Darjeeling or Ootacamund. The Ruler of the State, His Highness Sri Krishnaraja Wodaiyar Bahadur, "who represents the best ideals of a Hindu King and whose name is a household word throughout the length and breadth of India for his matchless munificence in the cause of learning," spends some of his time in this city.

Basavangudi is one of the nine Municipal Divisions of Bangalore and derived its name from the big Bull Temple situated in that

locality. In Canarees language Basavan means Bull and Gudi means Temple.

Here, every year during the last Monday in the month of *Krittiga* corresponding to the English months of November-December, a grand festival is observed amidst great celebrations, when people in and round the State of Mysore throng in their thousands to partake of the fresh ground-nuts dug out of the earth. The festival is therefore called the Ground-nut Festival or Kadlaka-Jatra.

The origin of the festival can be summed up briefly according to tradition handed down to us from several generations. It is said that long long ago, on a critical morning, two hundred families, suddenly rendered homeless and fugitive by a successful plundering gang of foreigners, took shelter in a wood close by. When they were troubled by hunger, three of the elders began to do severe penance. Just at that time, a child with a broken doll of stone, shaped like a bull recumbent, left its play-fellows and came to the place of the elders, and frightened by their serious penance allowed the stone doll to fall down, and it stuck fast into a pit and got wedged in. The child pulled it out with great effort, but instead of the doll, there came a nut into its hand; the child ate it and found it to be sweet and longed for more. It found enough and so also the hungry people, who ate the nuts and thus satisfied their hunger.

After that incident, they built a temple over the Bull, which they believed was Shiva's own Bull—the Maha Nandi. The place Basavangudi gradually grew in importance and the anointment ceremony of the temple took place and they named the Bull *Basvesvara*. Basveswara's fame spread far and wide, and side by side with it, the Bull also began to grow in height daily, so much so that it become impossible for the priest to do his *Abishekam*. One day the priests met at a conference and finally on a new moon night decided to drive a big long iron nail into its head to prevent it from growing further. Accordingly, the decision was translated into action and one can see the nail on the head of Basveswara even to-day. In order to pacify the anger of Basweswara, once a year, thousands of people flock to his temple with cart-loads of ground-nuts, with which he once saved their fathers and in return they get what the devotees of the holy Tirupathi (The Seven Hills in Chittor District, Madras Presidency) are believed to obtain from a pilgrimage to that place.

The devotees go round the temple, burn camphor and incense, break cocoanuts, offer plantains, as people generally do in all temples, praying for wealth, children and prosperity. Then they climb up the hillock in front of the Mantapam and squat down for some time on the top of the hillock called Bugle Rock, believing that special favours are in store for those who do so.

Afterwards, the pilgrims, in batches, purchase newly fried

ground nuts and sitting down eat the kernels. Each one of the party hides a nut in his person, so that when the whole pile is finished the chief calls upon every one to show the last nut. If any one fails to show a nut, or the nut hidden has only one seed instead of two, the duty of purchasing ground-nuts again falls on that person and the game starts over again. When all have eaten enough, for a ground-nut meal will not hurt that day, thanks to Lord Basveswara—the satisfied people go home, each man with a remanant nut, which is carefully preserved till the coming year's festival. Then the preserved ground nut is brought to Lord Basveswara in all reverence and humility and after the obeisances are all over and the family settles down for the ground-nut meal, the last year's nut is broken and given to the newly-wedded bride or first-born daughter with a blessing.

Such in brief is the Ground-nut Festival of Bangalore, and on that day all the educational institutions of Bangalore City enjoy a half-holiday, so that the students also may take part in the festival.

PANDIT N. CHENGALVARAYAN.

SHOULD WOMEN DRIVE CARS?

Man says "No," with a capital *N* and a capital *O*. Why? Reasons will be given lower down. Let a lady ask any average man, "Please let me drive your car home." If he does not know her well enough, he will let her do it, but will behave as if he is sitting on hot iron; but, if he does know her well, he will say *NO*, as I have said above.

Woman says, "Yes. I can drive a car. You have just got to twiddle a wheel about and succeed in running over anything, which happens to be between the car and its destination." That's her idea. Well, I must be gentle to the fair sex, or I never shall hear the end of this, having sisters of my own, but be it known, Oh, Ye beings, thought inferior to men, that driving a car is not twiddling a wheel, and so on.

Now, let us descend from the silver cloud of theory to the good old solid earth of practice. The women we meet on the road drive to all appearances as well as men, and sometimes better. But, have they the nerve to meet difficulties calmly? As long as the road is clear and a constable is at every corner, all is well. But, suppose a lady driver goes round a corner and suddenly meets another car, she naturally cannot find the brake, or swerve, because her nerve suddenly fails her. 5% of motor accidents, are due to lady drivers. I am speaking from my own experience. But, Eve will not admit it is her fault, even though she has not got the iron nerve of Adam. Yesterday, a man was telling me that he dared not buy a car, because

his wife fancied that she knew how to drive. I myself know a lady who, when she drives, looks round at every cyclist or pedestrian on the road, just to see who he or she is, while the car, being left to do its own guiding, perhaps charges into a wall, and rests in peace.

I have taught both men and women to drive. I just explain to a man, "Clutch, here, brake, there; accelerator, there;" and so on, and he gets in and drives off with very little more. But, a lady? Alas! She will first want to know what happens when a clutch is pushed in, and when we go to the length of explaining about collars, discs, and so on, looks absent-minded, and the whole while is wondering what dress she is going to wear for her first venture as a "chaufferess." When she eventually starts, after much noise and many *burrs*, and happens to come opposite a tree, she is at a loss; "Oh gracious, whatever shall I do? Shall I press the clutch or the accelerator? In other words, "Shall I enjoy a a slow lingering death or have a glorious smash-up?" When she does eventually manage to get on to a straight road without a trace of a turn, and clings on to it somehow, you generally hear an anxious whisper "John, is my nose shining?" If you, by chance, do happen to wag your head in the affirmative, you are off the road in a twinkling, while Venus powders her nose. Oh the vanity of women! They call themselves the fair sex, but what about man? Well er............er............as I have said, I have sisters.

Driving is spiffing, but what about lifting the bonnet, not the lady's, but the car's, and asking a few questions about the engine? Beauty is discomfited. Let her just explain what a cog wheel is, and also a magneto, without consulting a book, and I shall take back these words and apologise. If something has gone wrong under the car, and you are rolling on the flat of your back on the dust, eating doses of grease and oil alternately, and you happen to ask the mem-sahib for a *nut*, the answer will be, "Oh dear, whatever can a nut be?"

Explanations in that position are painful, so the only thing to do is to get the nut yourself. In my experience, I have come across two girls, who drive well, but, if a tyre is punctured, sit down and look pictures of distress till help arrives, because a certain nut happens to be too tight, and this is another serious item in the long list of handicaps for a chaufferess.

I do not say that women cannot drive. But the age of miracles has dawned again, if a lady has in herself all the necessary qualifications for good driving.

Driving is a science, which cannot be learnt even in one year. Your engine must always run smoothly and never labour. Any turn must be done in such a manner that your passenger, if asleep at the back, is not awakened. Gears should be put in without a murmur, and shifting down from top to second on a hill should

not be felt by the above-said sleeping one. Brakes should not be firmly applied, unless in an accident. The car should stop of its own accord, or with a slight pressure of the brake, at its destination. Coming up fast, and then locking your wheels, shows bad driving and is very hard on the tyres. The average touring speed is 25 miles an hour. Learn how to clean a plug, repair a puncture, how to replace a burnt fuse, and then, my dear lady, I can take your hand and say, "You are an average driver." Until your nerve is tested, the title of "good driver" cannot be applied to you.

So, ladies, take my advice, and do not drive. It will be only a painful experience for you. Let the old man do the driving. Sit you down comfortably, admire and be admired, screaming when you deem necessary, or better still, be the "sleeping passenger," which I am sure "the old man" will much prefer.

"BAA"

CHANDRIKA'S CONQUEST.

CHAPTER I.

THE big engine, with its worm-like train of carriages, roared round the corner, grew momentarily larger as it advanced, and, looming large into the station, came to a stand-still with many noises. Faces appeared at the windows, and hands waved in recognition or signal. Over the face of Mr. Chiranjivi Iyer, appeared a large smile. Ah ! there was his son, his hope and his glory, come back to him after ten long years of absence, ten years of fear, of doubt, of agony, of longing,—all the result of his own distrustful nature, never the result of his son's doings. Oh, he had been a good boy, a good son, a little dilatory perhaps in finishing his studies, but always successful.

"Hullo, Dad ! " cried a stalwart young man, spick and span in English clothes, as he took off his hat and shook hands with the old man, "All well ? Feeling fit, eh ? Fancy taking all the trouble to meet me here !"

Chiranjivi Iyer could not speak, but he felt. How could such a thing be called a trouble ? As if he would have missed meeting his boy ! Tears came to his eyes, and he wished to say something special to mark the occasion, but his son's business-like methods cut him short.

"What about the *saman* ? You have brought your peon, I see. Heavens, a garland for me ? Well, well ! Let us go, Dad, and he will see to everything."

"Will it be quite safe ?"

"You bet it will. Here is the receipt, peon. See to everything, will you, please? Come along, Dad."

On their long drive to their suburban home in their grand car, the old man still found himself rather tongue-tied. But he did not need to speak much, his son was chattering so fast on different things. The father, however, did not know what an effort it was for his son also to appear at ease.

At last, Chiranjivi Iyer got in a word about what was weighing heaviest on his own mind.

"Arjuna, your wife is here. She was just able to get in a day with us. Already she is late for College, she says."

"Oh, is she?" asked the young man, apparently indifferently, but he was really not indifferent. "And, how is she keeping? Well, I hope."

"Yes, yes, and she is studying hard, and hopes to join the B. A. class soon. But you must know all that from her letters. No?"

"She has been writing occasionally, and then nothing much of what she has been really doing. I thought she might be intending to give up her studies after I came."

"Not she. She is too keen on them, and so is her sister. I do not approve of such new-fangled notions. I think a wife's place is by her husband, but the modern generation—" he stopped and looked at his son interrogatively, and went on with another thought.

"Arjuna, I am very sorry you have been feeling rather resentful about this marriage of yours. But, I had to get you married before you went to England. I did not know what English girl you would pick up as your wife. But, you need not worry, your Chandrika is a good girl and very advanced. She reads Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, etc., writes to the papers, plays the piano, and can carry on a good conversation in English. She is pretty too."

The young man did not answer, and the father thought he looked rather sullen. He went on timidly,

"She and her sister are rather good at Tennis, and with your reputation at that game, you will find they make good companions. They know Bridge too and all those modern accomplishments. I am sure your wife will be a credit to you at the English Clubs." Still the young man did not reply.

"Are you still cross about it, my son? But, it cannot be helped you know. What is it you object to chiefly in this arrangement?"

"The marriage itself, father. I ought to have been left free to marry whom I please."

" But she is such a nice girl. You have not been sent her photo, have you? "

" No, " said the young man moodily. " She said she would send it, and then nothing happened. I have no idea at all of what she looks like."

" She is rather an obstinate girl, a girl of character, I may say. I suppose I ought to make her obey me, but she has such a way with her that we all submit to her. By the way, did you—meet anyone in England, whom you might have liked? "

" I might, or I might not have. But still—"

" Thank God, he was fixed up here," the old man muttered to himself.

" A man and a woman," continued Arjuna sententiously, " should not marry till they are in love with each other."

" That is all nonsense, my son. We, Hindus, believe that love comes after marriage. After all, marriage is not for love alone, but also for convenience and domestic comfort and a measure of companionship. Family ties have also to be kept up. By your marriage to Chandrika, two old and distant branches have been united. And, she is being educated, and is a good girl and a pretty one. What more do you want? "

" What else indeed? " muttered the young man to himself, and then said aloud,

" Never mind, Dad, do not worry yourself. What is done is done. I only hope she will not think herself too educated. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It would have been easy enough to mould a young and uneducated girl, but a woman of independent views it might not be so easy to manage. Still, I have no business to think only of my view of the question, there is her side also. Ah, here we are at last at home, and there is the old mother, God bless her! "

All was joy and happiness and exclamations and greetings for the next few moments. Arjuna was all the time, however, looking for his wife, but could not find her. Perhaps, she was too shy, he thought, or pretended to be. It would be just like a silly Indian girl to be falsely modest. Oh well, that was better than brazen forwardness.

" Where is Chandrika? " asked the old man suddenly.

The mother looked embarrassed, and hummed and hawed. At last she burst out,

" She has gone away and her sister too."

" What? "

" What could I do? They slipped away quietly sometime before, I believe, and we found it out only a few minutes ago. It seems

they got a jutka and took all their saman away. She told little Nila she was going back to College; and I assure you I have given the girl a good scolding for not telling me earlier."

"Oh, poor Nila! Where is she? She was only a mite of a baby when I saw her ten years ago. Hullo, is that she? Come here—"

There was some laughter and some excitement. Chiranjivi Iyer interrupted it.

"Shall I go to the station and bring them back?" he asked his son.

"I beg you not to, father. Let them go back to College. You said they were already late for their classes, did you not?"

"Yes, but the minx had no business to run away thus. Oh, she is a bad girl. How dared she? But, that is the way with modern girls. They are so independent and headstrong."

The son interrupted the tirade hurriedly,

"Never mind, dad. Please don't apologise for her. I assure you, I rather like her for this: my respect for her has begun to awaken."

"She ought to be brought back."

"On no account. And it will do her good to be left alone. I can just understand her feelings. She must have been resenting her being kept here like a captive bird, to await me, her goaler, and get my approval. And perhaps, she is expecting to be brought back. It will disappoint her, not to be run after, and perhaps please her too. She may come to think a little better of me for leaving her alone, eh, little mother? Let us forget her for a while, she must not spoil our happy re-union." They went in after that to a season of feasting.

Chapter II.

At the United club of Teyur, the Tennis tournaments were on. There was much excitement about the new star, which had arisen on the horizon—young Arjuna Chiranjivi Iyer, I. C. S., none other than our friend of the first chapter, who had won his Tennis blue at Cambridge.

Well was the excitement justified, and well the Indian hopes realised by the new man. How well the boy played! Such nerve, such zest, such strength, yet such delicacy, such grace, such restraint, such skill! He was all over the court like lightning; his feet were seldom still, his eye was always on the ball. His twisted services, his cross volleys, his lovely short balls, his intricate lobs, his fast returns, his smashes at the net, his doubling back to get the base-line balls, were wonderful. He was good at singles as well as

doubles, the last with men and with women. Oh; it was pretty play! He was so fully worth watching, thought the vast crowd of applauding spectators.

There was much excitement also about the women players; for, this year there were actually Indian ladies playing, and playing well too. There were two ladies from the women's club, and three girls from the women's College; and all of them took part in the doubles with the men, as well as in playing among themselves. The audience thought them very sporting indeed!

The last day came; and for it was fixed the most looked-for event, the Tourney Match, as it was called. Each gentleman player was to choose his partner in public from among the lady competitors.

Arjuna had been much struck by the playing of one of the girls from the women's College. She was a mere girl, yet tall and fine; slender, yet well-formed, and she had all the makings of a good Tennis-player. He found himself watching her, and admiring her, and in spite of himself, a disloyal thought would creep in about his wife. How he wished the latter could be a girl like this young Tennis champion. But, by heaven, Chandrika must be a girl of character, by the way she was behaving—not a line in reply to his dutiful letter, saying she could finish her studies if she liked, and then join him. But perhaps, he had been too patronising, and perhaps she did not want to come to him at all. By Jove, he would see that she did not get rid of him so easily. He must go and see her at the College. But time enough for that, after the tournaments. In the meantime—

He went off to the girl he admired, and bowed to her and asked her to be his partner. She had her tutor with her, a handsome, humorous Indian lady, who seemed rather a sport. The girl turned to her for permission, got it, and then, stepping down from her seat, joined the champion. Her face was rather aglow with self-conscious pride, but she tried to look very prim and proper. Arjuna found himself admiring her more than ever.

The match was played out—the best of three setts, Arjuna and his partner winning easily. They had played together as if with one will, and how fine and eager the girl had looked! She seemed all springs, and those so well-regulated two!

Arjuna carried her off to tea at one of the tables. He had her all to himself, the tutoress leaving them alone. And how they talked and talked, on all subjects under the sun!

Finally, he took her back reluctantly to her tutor, and parted from her, after arranging to play with her again at another match. And it did occur to him to wonder that a woman's college could be so sporting, as to allow the girl to go out with a stranger like himself.

Of course, there was the tutor, and of course he was all right, and he was a married man! But—

After another meeting with the girl, a curious sense of familiarity with her struck him. Had he seen her before? He thought for a while, and then a wonderful idea came to him. Perhaps she was his wife after all! She came from the same College. By Jove! He had not thought of that before. Perhaps, that was why the College was so tolerant about their meetings together. But, how could he find out? He resented again the fact that he had not her photo with him. But that was again just like her. She had always played with him and she must be still playing with him! Well, he would play with her also. He would show her—the minx!

He arranged another match with her and carried her off under the very eyes of her tutor for a drive. He took her to Bostonia, the famous restaurant of the town, and there he treated her to ices and cakes. How she loved them, and how natural she was in her greediness for them! And then, she smoked too! and how she laughed and talked!

Gradually, a strange feeling came over him. In spite of himself, he began to feel a little resentment at her rather free behaviour. She certainly was a little too forward, too bold, too much of the cheap modern girl. Wouldn't he alter all that? But perhaps, she would not listen to him. She seemed to have a mind of her own.

"Let us go to the beach," she said to him after a while.

"But, what about your tutor? Won't she be anxious? It is getting dark too."

"Oh yes! But she is a good old thing, and are you not a married man? You are quite safe."

"You know that, do you? And—and—all right, come along."

They went to the Marina, and strolled out on the sands. It was quite dark by that time. They sat down, and gazed at the breakers, now gleaming with occasional phosphorescence.

He felt attracted and yet not attracted towards her. But she was his, his wife, a charming girl, in spite of everything, and he found his arm going round her. For a moment she allowed herself to snuggle against him, and he felt vaguely dissatisfied at her manner.

The next moment, his ears were offended by her rather shrill laugh.

"Aha, I have caught you out, have I?" she cried. "You are ready to make love to me, eh, even though you are married, like all fashionable young men!"

"Why should I not make love to you. Are you not my wife?"

"Ah—ha", she shrilled again,—"your wife? I like that! Do you really believe that?"

"Of course I do, you wretch."

"Then, you are wrong, my worthy friend—I am not your wife —though—," for a moment she looked downcast, and then she laughed her care-free laugh again.

"I admit, I would like to marry a man in your position, but— I am not your wife, thank Heaven!"

"Who is she then?"

"You would like to know, would you not? Come along then, and I shall show you."

"Now?"

"No, on second thoughts, tomorrow. Come to College tomorrow evening, at about six, with your car, and you shall see her. She is my sister, you know."

"Your sister? Ah, that accounts for the familiarity. I remember you both now, ten years ago. Is she like you still?"

"Would you like her to be? Ah—ha! that poses you, eh, my brother-in-law? Never mind, come and see. Perhaps, she is worse than me, perhaps she is better. Who can say?"

"Does she play Tennis as well as you?"

"That again, you must wait and see."

Piqued yet sheepish, chagrined yet pleased, eager yet frightened, he kept his appointement the next day. His Tennis girl met him, with her finger on her lips, and led him silently through a crowd of girls to a room on the first floor.

"I have not told her you were coming. She is in her room. Visitors are not usually allowed in; but you, being a husband, are different."

She knocked at the door. A voice bade them come in, but he drew back.

"Perhaps, if she does not know, it will be rather awkward for her suddenly to meet me."

"No, come along. Nothing like a surprise in such cases. By the way, she has hurt her ankle, and cannot move about. So, you must be gentle with her."

"You wretch!"

He had no time to say anything further to his tormentor, for he found himself the next moment being introduced to his own wife and shaking hands with her. She was looking at him with large surprised eyes out of the most delightful face in the world, and he felt gratefully that he was anchored at last. She would be all that

he expected ; nay, and more than he deserved, for he felt a sudden humility overcoming him.

His sister-in-law broke in on him.

"Ask her if she can play Tennis better than me. Ah, but I know she will not answer. She is a very modest girl, you know, eh Chandrika? Shall I tell you a secret, brother-in-law ? She beat me in two setts running, in the tournament at the Ladies' Club, and won the prize. Here, hands off, I am not your wife. What do you say to that ?"

"What do I say ? Why, that she and I will beat you and whatever partner you may choose, hands down at the next tournament !"

KAMALA.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

WOMEN AS MOTHERS.

TO write on the above subject to the women of India, is to uphold a great traditional idea, so very prevalent and well-known among them. A man, who realises the wonderful charm of motherhood, must naturally, if he is an Indian, be proud of a land that has upheld this great idea and has given it to the world. In a land, where every woman is a *Devi*, a goddess, because she is a potential mother, one feels it is not necessary to say much.

But the land, that adores and worships woman as a mother, is also a land where motherhood is debased, degraded and trampled underfoot by the selfishness of man, religion and society. It is the tragedy of our *Bharatmata* that we have soiled this gem of motherhood with the filth and mire of false ideals. And half the fault lies with women, who acquiesced in this degradation, who allowed themselves to be debased, and who did not put up a mighty protest against all that is below our highest and purest ideals of motherhood.

Arthur Symonds in a poem looks forward to a day, when

"Woman shall be man's mate and peer,
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless sacred motherhood."

And nowhere can this ideal be better realised than in India, our Mother.

Then, what do we want our women to do ? We must let them realise the great dignity and responsibility of their potential motherhood. Let them not consent to be mere chattels or machines.

Let them not besmirch their dignity in servility. Their power must be exerted to the full, in the truest, purest and strongest way, in moulding the country, society and home.

India can never go wrong, if her mothers wield their inherent right to lead the nation. Abuses in society, false ideals, and unhallowed pleasures will not withstand long the mighty protests of the true mothers of India.

Even a sister can have a sort of maternal influence on a brother, and a wife on her husband. Every good woman using her influence can mould man, who is a child before her, if she only knows her power. There is a song in an American play, called "Cradle song", that expresses frankly and briefly the Divine power of woman—

"Ah, love of woman, by whose power we live,
Whence do you draw your grace, but from above,
Whence simply? Simply from maternal love.
Yes, we are children, women, in your arms.

Your heart is broad, you soothe our wild alarms;
Like children give us honey of your breast;
In a cradle always your lover sinks to rest,
Although he prostitutes our grovelling flesh.

Mother if lover, mother if sister too,
Mother by pure essense, day long and night through,
Mother if you laugh, or if with us you cry
In the core of being, in fibre and in mesh,
Every woman carries, so God has willed on high,
A baby in her bosom, sleeping eternally."

But here I wish to speak of the power of women, as mothers to their sons and daughters. To her sons, a mother ought to set herself to be a goddess, the giver of all things, not only material, but also mental and spiritual. Every son ought to draw his spiritual guidance from his mother. He must be able to respect her words and receive sympathetic guidance in all his actions, at home, in society and for his country. She must get his worship standing on a pedestal of high ideals, and yet willing to clasp him to her breast, even as when he was thrust into her arms in childhood. She must be his supreme confidant, his queen and guide in all things. This cannot be achieved by any rule or force, nor by the liberal use of voice or tongue, but can only come by a conscious effort of love and wisdom, by an influence invisible but pervading, by a rule persuasive and attractive, and yet firm and strong.

To her daughters, she must be that guide and friend that will draw out their deepest confidence in herself. She must be sympathetic, remembering her youthful happiness, and rejoice and encourage to the full their development, in its physical, as well as mental and

spiritual aspects. She must prepare them for the dignity of womanhood, not by suppression, but by encouragement. All unselfishness and sublimation in their life must be consciously caught from her own noble example. Many a mother has lost her influence over her son, because she has treated her daughter badly and petted and spoiled the son. No one can pity a woman, when Nemesis follows her own wrong actions. Yea, no greater indictment of woman in her degradation can be found than her continuous undignified behaviour towards her women folk in her family. No one can be more cruel to a woman than a woman herself.

But such a power over children can only come from a conscious effort to grow, in body,mind and soul, not only along with every child of hers, but in advance of them, by keeping in touch with the advance of the world. The mother is there, not so much to give the detailed rules of guidance, as to show the principle. She is required to give intelligent sympathy, not necessarily all the highest knowledge of the matter. She is required to show her quick and fearless judgment, so as to beget trust in the child, in spite of the fact that she might be wrong. Then again, when in the wrong, it is better for her to confess to having made a mistake than to try to hide it or to explain it away. For, the heart of the child, however old he or she might be, has enough love to cover the mother's fault, if confessed openly.

The call to women to be ideal mothers can neither be too easily taken, nor should it be thought impossible. For any, who make a conscious effort, true motherhood will be within their power. The fact is that woman has enough divinity in her to enable her to fulfil her task magnificently; but she has abused and misused her powers and allowed the precious jewel to be thrown to the swine. To let women rise to their full dignity, as mothers of the country, society and home, their life must be filled with action. Romain Rolland makes an appeal to women, and I will end this article by quoting it :—

"Mothers, sisters, companions, friends, loved ones—it depends on you, if you will it, to save the soul of man. You have him in in your hands—a child. And near the woman, whom he respects and loves, man is always a child. Why do you not save him? Doubtless because too few among you are saved yourselves. Commence then, by that!"

"A MERE MAN."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

1. MALATI BUYS A BABY PIG.

About a week after Mr. and Mrs. Sarma had returned from their summer holidays, a little incident happened, which I think you will be interested to hear. Malati and Madhavi had gone to school,

and had returned at four o'clock and had had their tea. Then they had dressed and had gone out for a walk with their Ayah. Mrs. Sarma always believed in her children being out in the open air every evening, and having exercise. So, if no other children came to play with her little girls of an evening, she always sent them out for a good long walk.

This particular evening, about a week after they had come home again, they were walking along a cool shady avenue of tamarind trees, when thay saw a man coming towards them with a number of dirty little grey-black pigs, all grunting and waddling on the dusty road. As the man came nearer the children with his pigs, Madhavi noticed that he was carrying a tiny one in his hand.

"Oh, look," she cried, "look at that dinky little piggy in his hand. Isn't it sweet?"

"Ayah, Ayah," exclaimed Malati, "ask the man to stop. I do so want to see the baby pig."

And the two children went running towards the man, in spite of Ayah begging them not to go near him.

"Let me see your piggy, please," cried Malati, looking up at the rough rude man with pleading eyes.

"Let me carry him, only for one minute, please," begged Madhavi.

"All right, Amma," said the man, "You can certainly carry him. He is a nice little pig," and as he spoke, a cunning look came into his eyes. Why should he not get some money out of these two little girls?

"If you like, Missies, you can have the pig. I am sure he will make a very pretty pet."

"Oh, can we? Do you really mean what you say? Won't you feel sorry to give him away?"

The man smiled, and held out the pig to Madhavi; but the Ayah thought it was time to interfere.

"Look here, Malati Amma," she cried. "Your mother will be very angry when she hears that you have been talking to a dirty pig-man. Give back that brute at once, and come home. It is getting late."

"Oh, Ayah, please let us take the pig," remonstrated Malati. "The man is willing to give it to us, and we will look after it so carefully. I am sure mother will not mind."

"Yes, Miss," answered the man, "I am sure your mother will not mind, and you can have the pig for four annas."

"Ayah, Ayah," said Malati, "Did you hear what he said? He is giving it to us for four annas. Take it, Ayah. I am sure you have four annas with you."

But the Ayah would not hear of such a plan.

"What will madam say? I dare not take the pig. She will dismiss me at once. No, I will not give this man four annas."

But the children were so eager to take the pig, and the man so willing to give it, that Ayah at last consented to take the pig-man to their house, and ask Madam to buy the pig herself. So, off they trooped to Mr. Sarma's house; the two children, the Ayah, and the pig-man with his brood trailing behind him. At last, they reached the house, and after a great deal of persuasion, Mrs. Sarma bought the baby pig for four annas.

The pig lived in the house for a week. It was quite happy during that time, and it was Malati's special pet. She called it Timothy, and loved it very much, although the animal was too small even to walk about properly. Madhavi also liked it, and it used to be such a delight to the two girls to feed it and look after it.

One day, however, the weather suddenly became chill and the pig got a cold.

"Oh dear, what shall I do, Mummy darling?" cried Malati, running to her mother, "Timothy has got a cold, and I heard him sneeze three times this morning."

"Keep him in a warm place, dear, and give him some nice hot milk to drink. He is sure to get all right soon.'

But the pig did not get all right. It became worse and worse, until the veterinary doctor came and said he could do nothing for it.

"Please, please," begged Malati, "Can't you make my little pig all right for me? I love it so much." And the tears poured down her big black eyes.

"All right Miss, there is one last thing I can do. I can give it an injection. It might either kill, or cure, your pig. You must not blame me if it dies."

And so, the last remedy was tried, and the poor little pig died, for it could not have lived in spite of all the care they had given it.

Malati cried the whole day, and Madhavi also cried sometimes. That evening, they had a little funeral. They put the pig into a small box, and buried it under a banyan tree, and built a small grave there, and on the grave Malati wrote these words,

"To the memory of my little friend, Timothy,
who died on August 8th, at nine o'clock."

Thus ended the life of poor little Timothy, the pet pig, and Malati swore she would never have another baby pig, for she had really loved Timothy a great deal.

PANKAJAM.

2. OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR CHILDREN,

Have you ever heard the story of Echo and Narcissus? It is a very pretty, sad, story, and by knowing it, you will know the mythical origin of the flower, Narcissus, and also of the echo which you so often hear, when you happen to speak in a mountainous or rocky country, under domes, or within high-walled buildings.

Narcissus was the son of the river-god Cephissus. The boy grew up to be wonderfully beautiful. Every maiden, who happened to see him, fell in love with him; but Narcissus was so enamoured of his own beauty, that he fell in love with himself, and thought no maid was good enough for him. So much was he in love with himself, that he used to leave the noisy world, and walk apart in lonely places.

One day, when he was in a wood, a nymph called Echo saw him, and fell in love with him. But, her fate was indeed a sad one, as Hera, in order to stop Echo's bad habit of chattering too much, had ordained that she could not tell anyone her feelings, until he or she came and spoke to her. She, therefore, followed Narcissus, but could not tell him her love, until he came and spoke to her. The proud youth wandered about, thinking of no one but himself.

At last, Narcissus reached a clear spring, and there he heard a gentle rustle made by Echo; but, to all his questions to her, there came but the faint echo of his last words, until he told Echo to be gone, and the poor maiden stole away to hide her shame and disappointment.

When she had gone, Narcissus looked into the spring, and there, he saw his own beautiful face, much fairer than any other. It was so entrancing that Narcissus could do nothing but plead with his own image to come to him. He could not tear himself away from the reflection, which ever mocked at him. "Alas, alas," he cried, and each time his sigh was repeated by poor heart-broken Echo from afar. For hours and days, Narcissus hung over his image, neither eating nor drinking, until, at last, he died, and the gods, through pity for so fair a corpse, turned him into the flower, Narcissus.

But, what happened to poor Echo? She pined and pined, until all that was left of her was an idle voice, which can still be heard in quiet places. She cannot be seen, however. She can only be heard, and she always has the last word.

Therefore, children, the next time you happen to hear an echo, think of the poor wood-nymph and her sad fate. Although you cannot see her, you can easily imagine her beautiful form, hidden away in dark places, pining for that vain youth, who could care for no one but himself.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

3. GAMES FOR EVERYONE.

MICKEY IS MIXED—Mickey stands in the centre of the circle of seated players. Pointing to one of his own members, for instance his eye, he says incorrectly, "This is my toe." Then pointing to one of the group, he counts to ten, during which time that person must point to his own toe and say, "This is my eye." If the player fails to reverse the statement correctly in the given time, he becomes Mickey.

THE KING'S BANQUET—Choose sides. The captain on one side names some article of food which was served at the King's banquet, like "mutton." Then, while he is counting to ten, the captain opposite must name another food, beginning with the last letter of "mutton," as "nuts." Player number two on the first side adds "soup," while ten is being counted by the one who said "nuts." If a player fails to do this, he must go to the opposite side. The side having the most players at the end of a given time, wins.—

PEBBLE POT—A circle about fifteen inches in diameter is marked on the ground or floor. This represents the pebble pot. The players are divided into two groups of equal size. The group members stand in a single file, in such a way that the two groups face each other and also the pebble pot. A goal line is marked for each group about twelve feet back from the pot. The leader of each group then places his toes on the goal line. One of the leaders is given six smooth, round pebbles; the other, six marbles or other small objects suitable for throwing.

At a given signal, both leaders throw the things given them, one by one, trying to get as many as possible into the pebble pot. An appointed scorekeeper keeps track of the number from each side which go into the pot, and picks up his articles. He then runs to the rear of his group line and gives the pebbles or marbles to the one in front of him. This player must pass them to the one in front of him, and so on, till they reach the first person in line, who should have moved up to the goal line.

As soon as the first player in line on either side gets the articles, he throws them and proceeds as the first player did. Thus the game goes merrily on, simultaneously on both sides. As soon as all the members on one side have thrown, the game stops. The side, scoring the higher number of pebbles in the pot, wins. Accuracy, as well as speed, helps to determine the winning side.—

FROM "CHILDREN,"
The American Magazine for Parents.

OUR MEDICAL ARTICLE.

Common Ailments of Children.

DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

Eczema.—This skin affection is very frequently seen in infants as well as in older children, and is a troublesome one. It may occur on any part of the body, but is specially frequent over the bends of elbows, knees, the scalp, the lower part of the legs etc. When on the scalp, it is sometimes very chronic. The eruptions are simple in the beginning, but cause a good deal of itching resulting in weeping, if scratched. The secretion coming into contact with the neighbouring areas, the affection spreads quickly. Later, the skin assumes a dark colour and becomes thickened owing to chronic irritation. If it appears on both legs, it is regarded as a constitutional disturbance, besides the supervention of local parasitic infection. The lymphatic glands in the immediate neighbourhood are swollen and may end in abscess formation.

Irritation of any kind, say from soap or the discharge from the eczema of others, can give rise to eczema. It is sometimes an external manifestation of some digestive disturbance. It is also associated with deficient elimination from the skin in Dyspeptic conditions, when the stomach and bowels are not properly functioning and also when the kidneys do not properly act. Meat diet of any kind in some children, brings on an attack of eczema. Prognosis is good generally, if it has not become chronic.

By way of treatment, avoid the use of soap, but use bland, unirritating applications, such as rice powder, or corn starch, or green gram powder, or all mixed in equal parts for washing purposes. Prevent scratching by bandaging a stiff cardboard round the elbow or by some such contrivance and by making the finger nails short. If hard crusts have formed on the eczema and have dried up, they should not be forcibly pulled or rubbed (as done by some servants) but well-soaked in hot water and gently removed. The new surface should be wiped. If the eczema is of the wet variety, Zinc oxide powder should be dusted freely all over and if it is of the dry variety, Zinc oxide ointment should be used. A daily bath is essential except in certain rare cases when the bath is found to aggravate the condition. The clothes should be changed frequently and the treatment must be persistent. If all meat diet is excluded from the diet, the cure will be hastened. Too much of sugar also is better avoided.

Scabies or itch is a contagious affection caused by the presence of a skin parasite which burrows beneath the skin and pro-

duces itching and irritation. The favourite positions are between the fingers, at the elbows and on the inside of the thighs. But, in very young children the hands are rarely affected, the stomach, the feet and ankles being selected. Itch always indicates poor health, poor nourishment and poor care. Intolerable itching, particularly after the child has gone to bed, is the most annoying symptom. The scratching, which results therefrom, serves to spread the affection to other parts of the body through the finger nails.

The child should be fed liberally and should receive a tonic. Daily baths and disinfection of the clothes are essential. The affected parts should be well, scrubbed with carbolic soap and, after drying, some antiseptic application such as Iodex ointment can be freely rubbed in. This affection is easily amenable to treatment.

Eczema Intertrigo.—In fat children, where the opposing surfaces of skin are in contact such as between the thighs, or toes, or in armpits, a red form of inflammation of the skin takes place. This condition is more apt to be found in the unclean. It is sometimes accompanied by a thin watery discharge. This discharge causes excoriation of the skin, if it comes in contact with other parts of the body.

The opposing surfaces of the skin should be separated and washed frequently and wiped dry and dusted with any toilet powder. This alone will bring about a cure. Zinc oxide alone, or in combination with boric acid, forms an admirable dusting powder in this condition.

Prickly Heat.—This is an affection of the skin associated with the excessive sweating, incident to the heat of summer. The skin gets congested and sodden, owing to excessive perspiration, the orifices of the sweat glands are obstructed, thereby leading to a swollen condition of the small sweat glands. The appearance is too well-known to need description. Nearly every child in hot districts suffers from prickly heat, particularly during the early years of life. It seldom appears upon debilitated subjects, whose skins are deficient in blood. It affects, on the other hand, more readily the healthy skin.

Prickly heat is not generally a grave affection: but in some delicate children it may interfere with sleep and provoke restlessness or may give rise to a crop of summer boils. It is most profuse on those parts of the body, which are closely covered with clothing, such as the neck or the waist, but it also occurs on other parts of the body—except the palms and the soles. The eruption may keep up for months on end, becoming better or worse according to circumstances. Anything leading to perspiration provokes an outburst of itching. Therefore, hot drinks, exposure to sun, close rooms and warm clothing aggravate the condition. As soon as the weather becomes cool, the eruption and the irritation quickly subside.

The most important thing in treatment is the avoidance of all causes of perspiration, hot drinks, warm clothing, closed rooms, too much of play, etc. Punkah at nights and good ventilation by day are a great comfort. Soap should not be used in the bath, any starch powder being a good substitute. In addition, the bath room should be provided with some mildly astringent and antiseptic powder, to be freely applied to the skin (after drying), particularly to the neck, the axilla, and between the folds of skin. A good powder consists of equal parts of Zinc oxide, boric acid and any good toilet powder. A simple precaution of this kind saves much *suffering* from prickly heat and other skin affections of the summer. Applications of almond oil, scented if necessary with sandalwood oil, will relieve the itching. Woollen clothes should be replaced by silk or linen ones.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

SARI BORDERS

LIKE almost everything else, there is no end to the variety of sari borders; and so bewildering is the variety of them that sometimes it is rather difficult to fix on what we really want. But still, in most cases, the fact remains that the choice is made as it were by itself, by instinct if you like. One somehow visualises just what sort of border one needs for a new sari; and, though sometimes the selection is not very wise, nor the effect harmonious, still individual satisfaction has been given, and after all that is the main thing.

Sari borders can, I think, be divided into three kinds, viz., those that are woven into the sari itself; those that are embroidered into it; and those that are sewn on as separate borders. The advantage of the last kind, of course, is that the border can not only be taken off one sari and sewn on another, but that also, when the sari is washed, the border can be taken off and put on again.

Of the first kind of borders, I like best the purely Indian ones, which are of various kinds. The prettiest are the gold and silver borders woven into the material, like those of the Benares, the Karachi, the Bangalore and other kinds. Some of the borders are plain; some have flowers and creepers produced on them; some are embellished with designs of lines and dots, circles and squares, or done in a sort of double or triple border. I think these are the most typical of India. Such borders are, it is often thought, spoilt in washing or in re-dying. But, if the lace used is good, and if the washing or dyeing is carefully done, it will be found in most cases that no damage is done. Then, there are the Kornat saris, which have very

wide borders, sometimes several inches broad, of a different colour to the sari itself. On either side of these, we get lines, sometimes of gold lace, sometimes of plain texture, in white or another colour. There are most wonderful effects being produced now-a-days in these saris, by blending different colours most prettily together. There are also very pretty and cheap cotton saris now produced of soft material with printed borders.

The second kind of borders, as will be obvious, can be of endless varieties. The embroidery may be of silk or spangles or of beads, carried out in all sorts of designs, which must be here, as in the other borders, conventional patterns of flowers and geometrical effects. Mahommedans produce very fine embroidery of this kind. It can be done in various stitches, mostly hand-worked, in a frame if you like, in crewel work, chain-stitch, stem-stitch, cross-stitch, French knots etc. Sometimes, the borders can be worked on to the material, on strips of canvas, the latter being pulled off afterwards thread by thread. Plain cotton saris of muslin, soft Glasgow mull, Georgette or voile, embroidered delicately, or having the edges hemmed with drawn-thread work, are very suitable for young girls for ordinary wear. Then, there are the stencilled or painted borders, which are rather in the fashion just now.

Of the third kind, the prettiest, I think, are the Parsee borders, worked on velvet, or ribbon or strips of silk, with silk thread, silver and gold wire and spangles. The really good kinds are rather, expensive ; but there is a much cheaper variety being produced, in rolls of about eight yards, which, though not very desirable, appeals to several people on account of its cheapness. Sometimes, the borders can be of plain ribbon ; time was when ordinary lace was used as an edging.

The effects produced by the borders are often most beautiful and delicate, if well selected. The edges shew most gracefully on the Indian draperies, round the bottom of the skirt, on both sides of the bust and hanging down the back, and sometimes round the head, softly framing the face. As I said before, everything depends on individual taste. But still there are a few points, which when remembered, I think, can induce general satisfaction.

I think there is no doubt that sari borders must be selected according to age, personality, height, breadth, and the occasion. Middle-aged or dignified folk are best suited by the gold and silver borders, which I have designated as of the first kind. Younger people, especially the slim ones, are well set-off by worked borders. Tall people look well with wide borders and *vice versa*. One must always be careful of not producing an incongruous effect, it being also remembered that the embroidery on the sari must suit that on the blouse. Care must also be taken in the choice of the designs,

it being generally noted that English designs are to be used on English materials and to suit an *ensemble* not strictly Oriental.

Washable saries should have washable borders. It is such a waste of time to put on and take off borders, when saris are being washed.

The sewing-on of borders must be carefully done. It often happens that the reverse side shows very badly the sewing done, and this of course is not desirable in draperies, which are apt to be softly blown about. Care should be taken to put on the borders with small and almost invisible stitches and with silk of the same colour as the sari.

Then again the borders must be sewn on a little away from the edge of the sari. Unless this is done, the fringes get frayed and ragged and torn, producing a very ugly and careless effect, which spoils the appearance of the best embroidery used.

The borders must not be too heavy on a light material, for then the latter is apt to tear, or get crumpled or look bedraggled.

Care also ought to be taken not to go in for too cheap effects. Very often cheap borders are too shiny or tinselly or too flimsy. Of course, such an affect must be produced when cheapness is wanted ; but personally I would have no border at all, if I cannot afford a good one. Instead, I would try to produce a pretty result by slight hand-embroidery. But this means trouble and waste of time.

I think personally that the sari and its border is very often an indication of temperament and character, and as such must be attended to.

SISTER SUSIE.

OUR COOKERY NOTES

LEMON MARMALADE.

9 lemons, 6 lbs. granulated sugar,
4 quarts water.

Slice lemons very thin, removing seeds. Pour water over slices and stand in cool place 24 hours. Boil hard for one hour. Add sugar and boil until thick and clear. Put into jelly glasses.

PEAR AND PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.

8 pounds pears, sliced, 5 pounds sugar.

Cook until a little thick. Add a can of shredded pineapple and juice and grated rind of one lemon. Cook a few minutes. Put into jelly glasses and seal while hot.

APPLE JELLY.

Select sound tart apples, wipe them and remove stem and blossom end and cut in rather small pieces. Put in saucepan and nearly cover with cold water. Cover and cook slowly until apples are very soft. Turn into rather coarse strainer lined with coarse cheesecloth and allow the juice to strain through. Do not press. Strain the juice again through cheesecloth and boil for 20 minutes. Add ¾ as much sugar as you have juice. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 minutes and skim if necessary. Turn into sterilized jelly tumblers. Let stand 24 hours, then cover.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT.

1 cup pineapple juice,
½ cup sugar,
2 teaspoons cornstarch,
1 cup pineapple finely shredded,
2 egg whites,
1 cup evaporated milk,
Pinch salt.

Heat pineapple juice, sugar and salt to boiling point. Mix cornstarch with enough water to form smooth, thin paste and pour into hot mixture. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add shredded pineapple. Chill thoroughly. Whip the egg whites and milk together until stiff. Fold in the fruit sauce. Freeze in electric refrigerator tray, or in mould packed in ice and salt.

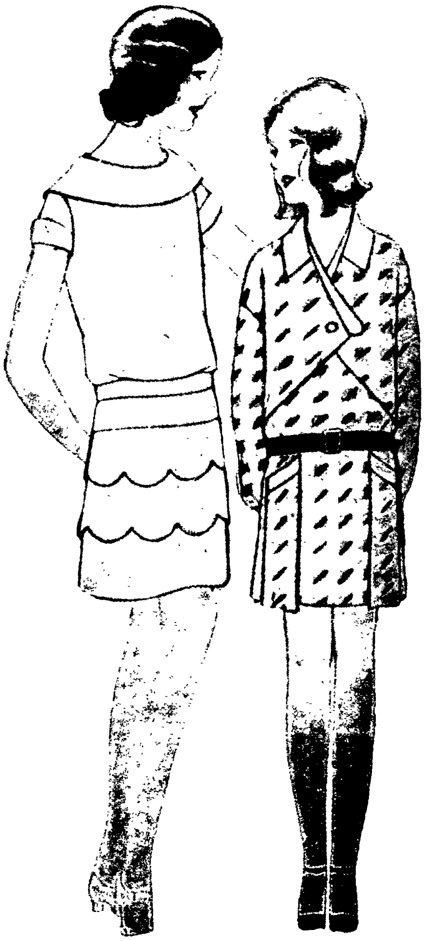
LEMON SHERBET

Juice of 2 lemons,
Juice of 2 oranges,
1 pint sugar,
1 quart of milk.

Mix lemon and orange juice with sugar thoroughly. Put into the ice-cream can, which has been chilled in the refrigerator, then put in freezer. Pack with ice and salt, allowing three level measures of ice to one of salt, to insure a smooth fine-grained sherbet. Just before turning, pour in the milk and turn quickly to prevent curdling. Turn slowly, but steadily, until mixture is frozen. This is my pet sherbet recipe and should be smooth and very fine-grained.

From "Children," The American Magazine for Parents.

Our Needle Work Notes.



TWO DESIGNS FOR GIRLS' COSTUMES ; THE FIRST FROM 6 TO 14 YEARS, THE SECOND FROM 4 TO 14.

From "CHILDREN"
The American Magazine for Parents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MADAM,

I ought to have replied earlier to your queries in your May Magazine, about the story called "Krishna's Plan"; but, as I had no leisure, I have delayed.

If convenient, you may print my reply in your paper. The two questions that were asked were, whether the method adopted for the reformation of Radha was right, and whether it was chivalrous on the part of Krishna to implicate Radha. To the former, I would only say that there is a man's point, as also the woman's point. In Indian Society, we daily see families being ruined by the extravagance and unreasonable demands of women, who are being spoilt by fashion, just as Western women are being influenced by Parisian methods. Was not Krishna's idea a telling lesson, more valuable than shoals of advice and thousands of platitudes? To the second point, I can only answer that the end justifies the means. Reforms are sometimes possible, only by drastic action, and not by peaceful revolution. A more telling way is better than an endless wait, in the pious hope that something might turn up for mutual benefit. Therefore, it seems to me that neither the chivalry, nor the method employed can be questioned.

I am, yours truly,
N. RAMAHBHADRAN.

OUR HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED)

FORCING AN APPETITE.

(BY B. M.)

SOME people consider a good appetite necessary to health. They envy those individuals, who can eat three hearty meals a day. But you can wear yourself out prematurely through overeating. You waste your vital energies. Intemperance kills prematurely. And far more people die from overeating than from alcoholic indulgence. When the average individual finds his appetite has disappeared, he becomes alarmed. He consults his doctor. He is usually given an appetizer or a tonic. If he can only get back his appetite he will rest content. It never occurs to him that by missing a few meals his appetite will come back with all its youthful vigour. The habit of eating at mealtimes cannot be resisted. He must eat some-

thing, even if he is not hungry. And this "something" will not allow the appetite or the stomach to readjust itself. Continued adherence to this policy entirely destroys the appetite. You never enjoy your food. You eat as a duty. And the quality of nourishment furnised to your body under such circumstances takes all pleasure out of life, makes you feel dull and doped, and sometimes hopeless and helpless. One of our greatest sins at this time is eating without an appetite. No tonic or appetizer can give food a proper flavour. There is only one remedy, and that is to fast two or three meals or several days, if necessary. This is guaranteed to bring back an appetite that will not only enable you to enjoy your food, but will insure proper digestion and assimilation. Your body will then be supplied with the quality of blood that will give you force and enthusiasm. You will have that feeling of aliveness and buoyancy that will throw out gloom and despair. When you eat wholesome food solely at the dictates of a normal appetite, it tastes delicious. And the ability to enjoy life in all its various phases is fully possessed. Do not make the mistake of forcing an appetite. Wait for it! But a plentiful amount of water should be used. Lemon or fruit juices could be added for flavouring, if desired. A definite appetite is the guide that human instinct has furnished us, and this same instinct has brought us through thousands of generations in spite of insanities of medical and other fads, that have devitalized the race at different periods.

MOUTH BREATHING:—A symptom for which children are frequently brought before the doctor. What do we notice about the small patient? He has what the medical men call the "typical adenoid face", characterised by a half-open mouth with protruding upper teeth and retruded lower jaw. On inspection of his oral cavity, his high arched narrow palate, his diseased tonsils and the hypertrophy of the adenoid tissue in his naso-pharynx, are noticed. Also, last but not least, he probably has several carious teeth. Now what are the relations of all these factors? The tonsilant adenoid hypertrophy means nasopharyngeal disease which is sufficient, if nothing else, to explain the carious teeth. This hypertrophy of these structures round the nasopharynx of every child is, on their part, a definite response to a local infection, which is not limited to the nasopharynx, but invades the whole oral cavity, involving the teeth and gums amongst its other structures. Gluck, the famous New York Rhinologist, has drawn attention to this fact and stresses the following points:—

1. Healthy teeth, free of infection, are dependent on the possession of a normal nose and throat, also free of infection.

2. Good healthy teeth cannot exist, or continue to exist, in the presence of a nose and throat that are abnormal.

No matter how frequently and how thoroughly the dentist

corrects all dental defects in an individual mouth, they will occur and continue to extend as long as any abnormalities exist in the naso-pharynx.

To attack the root of the dental disease it is necessary to eliminate the unhealthy condition of the nose and throat and nothing short of this is of any avail.

From *Wealth and Welfare.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED)

Anti-Purdah League.

"Bihar has the privilege of an Anti-Purdah League", writes the *Liberator*, "functioning in the province." The first anniversary of the League was celebrated recently in the Radhika Sinha Institute Hall at Patna. There was a public meeting in the evening and a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen took part in the meeting. The Province of Bihar has had the remarkable distinction of a Minister opposing the enfranchisement of its women—so deep is the conservatism of the province. That in such an area there should have arisen an Anti-Purdah League is an occasion for considerable satisfaction. Rai Bahadur Brijnandan Singh, the President of the League, gave a short account of the progress of the society during the year and observed that the same should be considered not unsatisfactory. "Purdah has to go. Of that there is no doubt." Just as women's educational organisations have been established throughout India, we trust that Anti-Purdah leagues will be widely formed, specially in the provinces in Northern India to abolish the pernicious custom.

—*Indian Social Reformer.*

Mrs. Dhanavanti Rama Rao.

The Conference of the British Commonwealth League was much interested in the account of what the Indian women are doing, given by Mrs. Rama Rao, the wife of the Deputy Secretary, to the Finance Department of the Government of India, who is now in London serving with the Simon Commission. Most of the delegates at the Conference read their speeches, but Mrs. Rama Rao preferred to address *ex tempore.*

The *Manchester Guardian*, after naming her "a beautiful woman", wrote that "in her richly coloured native costume she looked like the symbolic figure of young Indian womanhood and she told of so much that had already been achieved, that her hearers

were enthusiastic, and one after another delegate from different parts of the Empire rose to congratulate her."

An Australian lady said "Her speech has been a revelation to us and it has made us feel, more than ever before, our kinship with the women of India."

"We feel that if women had been allowed to take part in promoting the passage of that Bill," said Mrs. Rao, "it would have gone through easily. When the Bill was passed, a great deal must be done to educate the people. Legislation was a great means of educating them on social questions, and the women were prepared to do the spade work and carry on the propaganda. We are not prepared now to talk about our sentimental past. We are only looking at what now exists and trying to make the future as glorious as our past."—*Stri-Dharma.*

Reform among Nambudiri Women.

Some Nambudiri ladies highly connected and belonging to an aristocratic and rich family of North Travancore have created a sensation by casting off their purdah. They have adopted modern modes of dress and visited public places and attended theatres.

They paid a visit to H. H. the Junior Maharani of Travancore yesterday at the palace and had a very long interview and the conversation centred chiefly on social reform. Her Highness' the Junior Maharani is reported to have advised them to send Nambudiri girls to public schools and urged the necessity of doing away with the purdah system among the Nambudiri community.

This is the first instance in the social history of the Nambudiris that Nambudiri women, who are shut up within the four walls of their zenana, have had the boldness to come out in public.

—*The Hindu.*

International Congress on Child Welfare.

By the present declaration of the rights of the child, commonly known as the "Declaration of Geneva", men and women of all nations, recognising that mankind owes to the child the best that it has to give, declare and accept it as their duty that beyond and above all considerations of race, nationality or creed :—

1. The child must be given the means requisite for its normal development, both materially and spiritually.

2. The child that is hungry must be fed ; the child that is sick must be nursed ; the child that is backward must be helped ; the delinquent child must be reclaimed ; and the orphan and the waif must be sheltered and succoured.

3. The child must be the first to receive relief in times of distress.

4. The child must be put in a position to earn a livelihood and must be protected against every form of exploitation.

5. The child must be brought up to the consciousness that its talents must be devoted to the service of its fellowmen.

If every Indian parent could seriously consider the above ideals for the child, what a transformed country India would be!—*Stri Dharma*.

Artistry of a Scandinavian Woman.

Of tools the blue-eyed, golden-haired Swedish peasant woman had but few; a long thick needle, a few bits of coloured cloth and leather, an old tassel or two, a handful of multi-hued beads! Yet she worked miracles with them. I watched her quick deft fingers cut cloth and leather into oblongs, squares and ovals, thread the needle with bright red worsted, and begin on yet another example of her simple craft. Then I turned my attention to the plain deal table where the finished articles lay in a tidy heap.

Bags they were—and such bags. Plain serviceable market-bags, stoutly stitched and aptly sombre in colouring; dainty hand-bags, oval, round and square, each quite distinctive in design and colour scheme; conveniently roomy workbags that promised to hold unlimited sewing materials. One of them in a definitely square shape, was made of pale buff leather; each side was hemmed with dark blue cotton, while a tiny square, cut out of pale blue cloth, were sewn on to the foundation. By its side lay another example, but you could not see any leather at all beneath the rich design of diminutive discs and triangles in red and purple, beige and green, blue and yellow. The colours were repeated in the neat little tassels which held the bag together.

To and fro went the needle in the deft brown fingers. The white capped head was bent over a strip of pale emerald cloth, which was being worked with a bold design of daisies. As I watched, I wondered where she had gleaned her accurate floral lore. Her hands were still busy, but she talked :

"This is a very simple matter, Froken. A bit of leather, a bit of cloth, good scissors—and plenty of patience. Not that I have too much of this. Sometimes my eyes hurt. Still look at this! Plain enough, but it was difficult to get it finished,"

"This" was a large square bag of deep crimson cloth, braided round with narrow dull, gold cord. Its design was, indeed, simple enough, but this only enhanced its effect. Six pale golden lilies appeared on the rich crimson background. A shopping bag fit for a woman of blood royal!

"It must be difficult to get all your flower details so correctly", I remarked.

She paused at her work for a minute.

"Not if you are a country-woman, Froken" she replied. "What are the fields and the gardens for? If you have lived among them long enough, you can't help making friends with God's colours."

—*The Madras Mail.*

Succouring the Mother

Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswamy Moodelliar, who was deputed by the Government of Madras to study modern developments and methods of teaching in pediatrics, antenatal hygiene, maternity and child-welfare work in Europe, availed himself of the opportunity to visit some of the leading centres of medical education in Great Britain and Ireland and also visited some of the large clinics at Vienna, Paris and Berlin.

Asked by our representative about his general impressions regarding maternity and child-welfare work in England, he said that the problem was one which was engaging the closest attention of the profession, the local bodies and the Government. Maternity and child-welfare centres were scattered all over the country and they had done a great deal of good work by lessening infantile mortality and improving the health and welfare of mothers; but it was felt that the pace of progress should be quickened and that in some directions at least the results were not as satisfactory as one would reasonably expect. It was his considered opinion that, barring a few important centres like London, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, the facilities for practical training in midwifery for students and general practitioners were very limited and it could not be said that the training the medical student now received in England was adequate for his work as a country practitioner.

Our representative next asked how the training in Madras compared with that in England. Dr. Modelliar expressed his unwillingness to enter into comparisons but felt he would not be misunderstood if he said that the facilities available for the students in Madras at present were such as were available in very few places in the whole Contient of Europe. In another respect perhaps said Dr. Moodelliar, they in England were in advance and that was in regard to post-graduate instruction in midwifery. Perhaps one of the largest maternity clinics in the British Isles was the Rotunda Hospital which attracted students from different parts of Great Britain. He was struck by the amount of civic pride taken by the citizens of Dublin in that Hospital and the interest they evinced in its reputation.

Our representative then asked Dr. Modelliar what his impressions were as to the maternity and child-welfare woik in India

and the lines on which they could be improved. He replied that it was a very comprehensive question which it would be impossible to answer satisfactorily. But of one thing he was impressed, namely, that it was as futile to talk of child-welfare work for the whole of India, as it would be to talk of similar work for the whole of Europe. Conditions differed so materially in different provinces. But, having seen some of the work in other parts of India and heard the delegates from the other Provinces, he was bound to say that child-welfare work had made greater progress in South India than anywhere else, but, that did not mean there was no scope for improvement.

In conclusion, Dr. Modelliar said that his experiences in the West and the opportunities he had to study many questions connected with maternity and child-welfare made him realise the immense possibilities in South India for improvement in many directions. He came back with optimism, convinced that, in this field as in others, South India could keep pace with the most civilised parts of Europe. That did not mean that he underrated the difficulties ahead, or the greatness of the task that awaited them. A great deal of work, a greater amount of co-operation and co-ordination and, greatest of all, a sustained and vigorous policy with a well-planned scheme having the future in view, were needed. And he had faith enough in the civic sense of the people to hope that they would respond to the calls on their sense of civic duty—more so when they realised how South India in general and Madras in particular could be a model to the rest of the country.

—*The Madras Mail.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1. Miss. V. Chinnammal, Nellore.
2. D. Daniel Esq., Madras.
3. Mrs. M. D. Devadoss, Madras.
4. A. M. Ghouse Esq.. Madras.
5. Head Mistress, English High School for girls, Trivandrum.
6. Mrs. D. Isaac, Karud.
7. Mrs. G. V. James, Madras.
8. The Hon'ble. Miss. E. Kinnaird.
9. H. G. A. Khan Esq., Tinnevelly.
10. Mrs. J. S. Lewis, Calcutta.
11. Dr. Joanna Lyons, Rawalpindi.
12. Rao Bahadur P. G. Paniker Avl., Cannanore.
13. Rev. J. Roy Strock, Guntur.
14. P. N. Ramaswamy Iyer Esq., Rajampet.
15. N. Ramachandran Esq., Mayavaram.
16. Mrs. C. Spittler, Yercaud.
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19. Secretary, Ladies' Recreation Club, Rajamundry.
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22. Secretary, College Magazine, Zamorin's College, Calicut.
23. T. K. Sreenivasa Iyer Esq., Madura.
24. Rao Bahadur C. S. Subramanyam Avl., Mayavaram.
25. Mrs. Tiruvenkatachari, Madras.
26. Dr. S. Thampi Pillai, Colombo.

Printed by **C. Krishnan B. A., B. L.**, at the Empire Press, Bank Road, Calicut and Published by MRS. **K. Satthianadhan, M. A.**, Cannanore.

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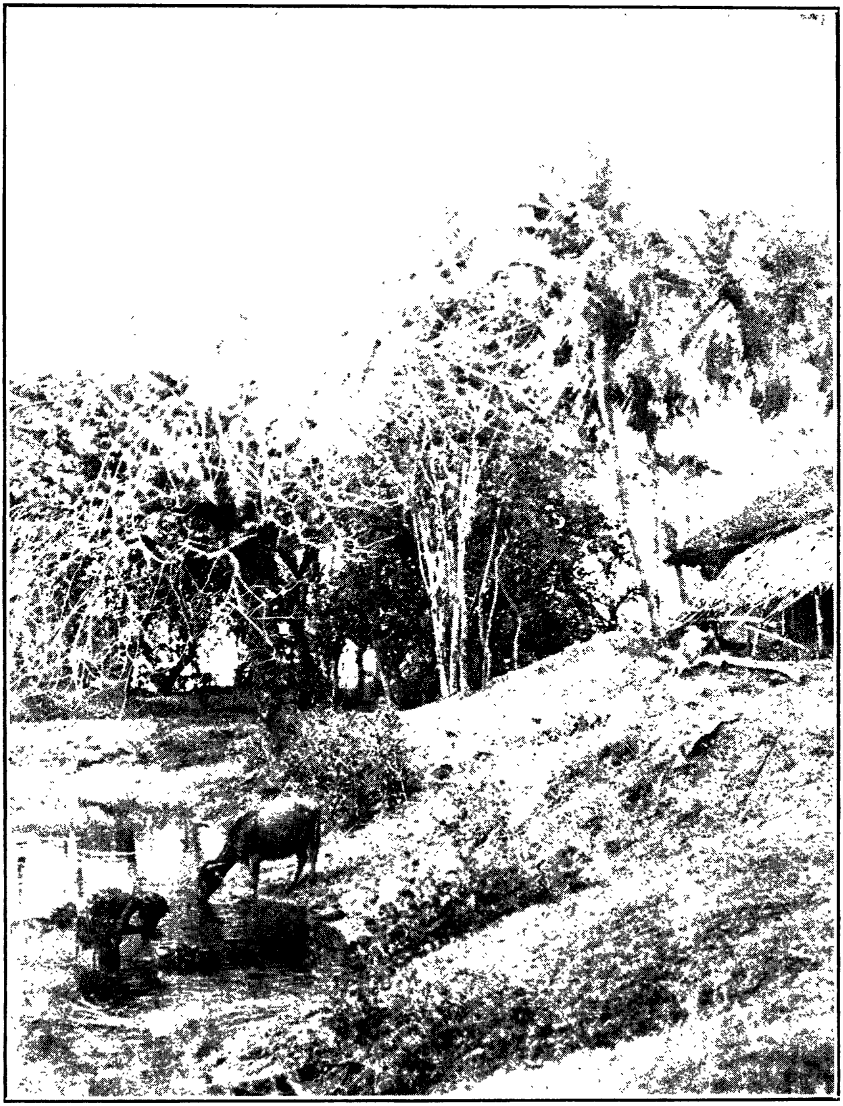

AN INDIAN VILLAGE SCENE.

PHOTO BY A. J. PANDIAN, TANJORE